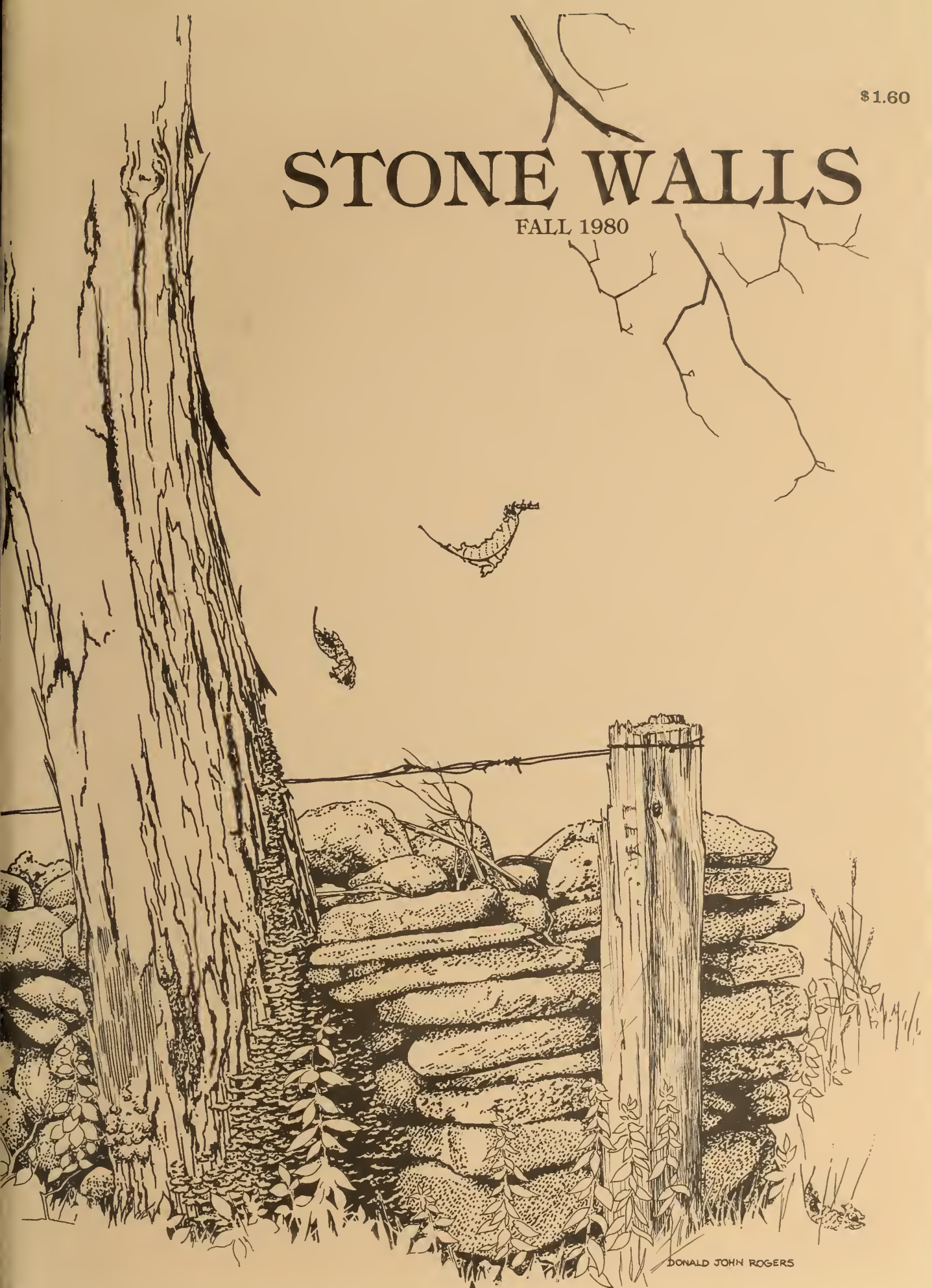


\$1.60

STONE WALLS

FALL 1980



DONALD JOHN ROGERS

Because your Stonewalls arrives in the mail, or on the magazine rack at your neighborhood store, you may equate it with the large-circulation publications. And lest any of you wonder at the erratic schedule of delivery, let us give you a glimpse into our operation.

As you probably know, we are a group of dedicated unpaid volunteers. You supply the articles and financial backing. We assemble the manuscripts and have them typeset. Next we gather at the Russell Library for the proof-reading. Corrections are made in the type-setting and then we lay out the pages as we want them to appear in print. These now go to the printer. In the meantime, we work on our own contributions of art and writing; procure ads, arrange for illustrations, return material to contributors, and do 40-eleven other jobs.

Once the finished magazine comes from the printer, out comes the cigar box of receipt cards. On these are filed subscriber's names, record of payment, and notes such as whose sister you are, the fact that you were born in Blandford in 1894, or that your father was a granite cutter. If you could see this system of mine, you'd not wonder at an occasional hitch in the mailing! The magazines are addressed, rubber stamped, and arranged by zip codes to about 40 states, and sometimes to foreign lands. They are then mailed from the Huntington Post Office. Copies to be sold are distributed to regular outlets.

Please note that there has been no price increase since we began five years ago. If it weren't for our loyal readers' sometimes favorable comments, subscriptions, and purchases, we'd have folded long ago. As long as there is in-put, we'll do our best with the out-put.

Emme Derrington

STONE WALLS

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Contents

Worthington
His Society

- 2 CHESTER SCHOOLS IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS..... Harriet Gilman
- 8 WEAVING..... Mrs. Ralph W. Hayden
- 12 DAYS OF CARPETBAGGING AND EDWIN BURR.... Clifford L. Kites
- 14 TRAVELING THE PONTOOSUC TURNPIKE..... Lucy Conant
- 19 A CHANCE ENCOUNTER..... Alice Britton
- 20 OLD RECIPES
- 22 THE LISTENING DEER..... Helen Scott
- 23 I REMEMBER CRESCENT MILLS PART 111..... Clifford L. Kites
- 28 BIRTHDAY RECOLLECTIONS--
A SERMON..... Timothy Mather Cooley
- 32 AUTUMN POETRY





Drawing by Natalie Birrell

Chester Schools in the Good Old Days

By Harriet Gilman

In the late 1850's there were seventeen separate school districts in the town of Chester. Sixteen of these were one room schools located in the rural areas, District 17 being the only one in Chester Village having more than one room. Approximately 250 scholars comprised the total enrollment.

One can scarcely imagine the austere conditions of teaching and learning in these buildings. Some were open only three months because of the cold. All were heated with one wood stove, lighting was poor, most of the cyphering was done on a slate (paper was a luxury), water was drunk from a common bucket and a com-

mon cup, and the sanitary facilities were three-holers. The turnover of the teachers was rapid. Often young city ladies came directly from formal training to gain experience in the rural schools. A harsher breaking-in can scarcely be imagined, what with boarding around, low pay, severe weather, and strapping farm boys to contend with. Boys often remained in school until they were eighteen to twenty years old. In the earliest schools, local girls as young as seventeen or eighteen who had received some education beyond eighth grade, usually in so-called Select Schools, were employed. Young men also taught, but not so commonly.

School committees and school personnel wrestling with today's problems may take some comfort from reading the following excerpts from Chester school committee reports dating from 1861 to 1902. However, some problems noted may ring a familiar note!

School Buildings: District No.13, Babcock School, 1861. No school in summer. A male teacher was employed for the winter term. He had not been in school three weeks before he was prostrated by disease, from which he did not recover for several weeks. His sickness may undoubtedly be attributed to his exposure to the inclemencies of the season, while in the performance of his duties in the school room, and in trying to repair the school-house. Poor man! He fell a victim to his philanthropic efforts. That member of the Committee who visited this school suffered extremely from the cold during his visit. Several panes of glass were gone from the windows and there were a number of places in the wall through which you might look out upon the street and see persons as they passed by; through all these apertures the wind and cold came freely. The teacher informed the Committee that he had procured some boards,

and with his knife fitted them into the windows where the glass was gone; but, alas, it seems he had not fastened them securely, for during the night the wind had scattered them he knew not where. We do not believe there is a man in the district who would keep his horse or his ox in a stable so open and exposed to wind and storm as this school-room. To our friends in No. 13, we would say that we entertain no unkind or unfriendly feeling toward you, but we desire to provoke you to good work,—to repair your school-house or, better still, to build a new, comfortable, and convenient house.

After a vacation of a few weeks, another teacher was engaged to fill the vacancy, who, being capable of greater physical endurance than the first, continued in school to the close of the term. He was diligent in his business and is worthy of a prize.

District No. 13, Babcock School, 1863. No school has been taught in this district during the year. The school-house was sold and a new one could not be erected for want of harmonious action. It is to be hoped that a right spirit will prevail, and that a good and commodious house will be built, and a school put in operation that will reflect credit upon the district as well as upon the town.

District No. 17, Chester District, 1869. The school house at Chester is too small to accommodate all the children that attend school there. This is true especially in the primary department, where 56 scholars, the past winter term, were literally packed together in a long, narrow, dark basement, with windows at each end, the rear window admitting but little light in consequence of a high board fence in close proximity. The teacher found it difficult to maintain good order, as the temptation to whisper and play was greatly increased by their crowded condition. A new house is needed in the village, one large enough for three

schools, and we trust the town will not build under, around, nor in the middle of the street.

(Note: up until approximately 1868, the families in each district, not the town, were responsible for the school building.)

District No. 8, Round Hill School, 1884. Your considerate attention is requested for this district. The school-house, a rude, unpainted, and dilapidated structure, fitted with antiquated school furniture, has been by some repairs rendered barely habitable during the past year. Its condition is such that the expense required to prepare it for the reasonable convenience and regard for the health of pupils and teachers would be out of all proportion to the results secured. The school numbers 18; has wrought well under adverse conditions, and is worthy of better accommodation.

At Littleville, in 1902, the floor was worn through in places, making cracks so wide between the boards that a lead pencil could fall through, rendering it impossible to keep the wind from the children's feet; the evil was corrected by a new floor being laid.

Funding: 1876. Your committee at the beginning of the school year believed there were several hundred dollars of unexpended school money of previous years in the town treasury and that with the appropriation by the town at the last annual meeting and funds that would arise from the other usual sources, decided to have three terms in most or all of the public schools. The summer and fall terms, to consist of ten weeks each. The winter term of twelve weeks. It was ascertained near the middle of the winter term that were greater expenses being incurred in some of the schools than had been anticipated, and we were accused of expending more money than belonged to the public schools, hence they were closed by the Committee on the

eleventh week, mainly because we could not readily learn from previous reports, or from the town clerk and treasurer's books, the true condition of the school money.

1891: We appreciate that at the present time few scholars are found in our schools, even during the Winter term, above the age of 16. From this fact we know that the boys of today must acquire, at 16 years of age, the same education obtained a few years ago at 19 or 20 in order that they may be men of equal intelligence. As education is the fundamental of morality and good government, and as the boy of today starts his school life with no greater mental activity or power than the boys of years ago, he has got to acquire the education in a much shorter time. Then it becomes us to give him every opportunity, and to take immediate advantage of any new ideas that are to produce better results in a shorter time. . . . The expense of this matter should be a matter of secondary consideration. We all know that the addition of a dollar will do in the purchase of a garment—it will often double the service. The same is true in school work. This town has paid from its treasury \$168.60 for supervision this past this year. Last May we received from the State \$166.66 making a net cost to the town for supervision, \$194. We trust that the voters will look at this matter with the same intelligence that they exercise in casting their votes in State and National elections.

Teachers and Teaching. District No. 17, Chester Depot, 1861. There are two schools in this district, one designed for large and the other for small scholars. They were taught by females both summer and winter. The infant department is backward. Though there are some very good scholars, yet there are many poor readers and bad spellers. There is manifestly a want of ambition on the part of the pupils to learn. The teachers, though competent

for their offices, seem to have labored hard upon a somewhat stubborn soil, without reaping great results. We commend them for their faithful efforts. In the other department, there was a greater variety of studies taught than in any other school in town. There are some excellent scholars in this school. The teacher was perfectly at home in the different studies, especially in mathematics. Some complaint was made about her want of government; but it should be remembered that the bump of reverence is not very large in the craniums of some of the scholars. An independent and wilful want of self-respect, are but too manifest. Moreover, on the day of examination, at the close of both the summer and winter terms, nearly half of the scholars absented themselves, which was very embarrassing to the teacher. These secessionists must be looked after. The winter term was more successful than usual. The teacher continued the school through the term, which, for winters past, no teacher has been able to do.

One word to teachers: Due notice will be given for the examination of teachers. They are not to commence their schools until they have presented themselves for examination, since no one can legally be a teacher in any public school until he has received from the school committee a written certificate. In some cases the registers are not properly kept. In carrying out the amount of wages received, the board is to be included, whether by "boarding round", or otherwise. Unless the registers are properly completed and returned, the teachers are not entitled to payment for their services.

1863: Females are employed chiefly as teachers in our schools, and if the present "cruel war" continues, they must be exclusively employed. This custom therefore of boarding around had better be dispensed with, as it is not only very incon-

venient, but injurious to the health of females. Get good teachers, pay them well, and treat them well.

1871: Believing the old maxim, that experience and practice make for perfection, we retained as many old teachers in the field, as possible, and by so doing reaped a golden harvest. We have found by experience that this class of teachers cannot long be retained. Every year the number is decimated by marriage and removal and the committee necessitated to approbate but poorly qualified for the high position of teaching. We must submit, and when we cannot do as we would, do as we can.

1873, District No. 2, Chester Primary School: The summer term of this school was taught by Miss Katie Clark. It is composed of some 40 to 50 small children, and cannot be expected to furnish a model of refined taste judgment. The teacher, however, succeeded in advancing the scholars, and though sometimes confusion reigned, we knew the little darlings must all be saved by grace, and therefore could not complain severely for want of order. The fall and winter terms of this school were taught by Miss Flora E. Foote, whose qualifications have been given at Chester Center School for the summer term. Miss Foote was more fortunate in winning the attention and love of those children, and exhibited them at the closing examination, clothed and in their right minds.

Deportment 1861: District No. 11, Littleville School. The state of things is somewhat "mixed". Teachers work hard and with small results. Boys are on the side of rebellion. They are too much engrossed with out-door work. We hope there will be a reformation in this respect, and that the teachers hereafter will not have to be annoyed by the ill-deportment of scholars.

1869: There were a few boys from twelve to sixteen years old in two or three of our public schools the past winter,

whom their parents could not control at home, nor the teachers manage in school, boys who spend their evenings with idle, intemperate, and profane persons, rehearsing to their companions the events of the day—how they have annoyed the teacher by some mean act, how they have transgressed the rules of the school with impunity, that the teacher cannot punish them. Thus they glory in their shame. When the scholar is so far advanced that in his opinion he knows more than the teacher, it will be as well for him to leave the school and engage in other business.

1871: Your committee has encouraged the keeping of deportment and whispering rolls, which have been a great check and restraint on the wayward. There are but few willing to have their names exposed to public view, with a long list of marks glaring and blazing with the indication of disobedience. We have also encouraged kind words and acts on the part of the teachers, and discouraged harsh words and brute force except in extreme cases, and the result is better deportment, better scholars, and better schools.

Truancy 1874: There are some children in town between the ages of eight and fourteen years who do not attend school regularly as the law provides. Those in authority over them, when asked for the cause of the absence from school offer sundry reasons. Some will tell us the teacher is not of their choice. Some that the child is not pleased with scholars or teacher; others, that “my child don’t learn nothing”.

The law is before us and we believe it just and good. We believe, too, that the legislature had an eye single to the best interests of the citizens of the Commonwealth, and that the motive is fully exhibited in all the enactments of our schools. What then is to be done? It is true

that these truants do not disturb the quiet and order of our schools, and that therefore a “let alone” policy might be indicated; but can we feel quite sure that this ignorance will “let alone” the peace and honor of the town? Are not the fruits “wild gourds”? Is there not “death in the pot”? Ask your trial justices, your constables, the keeper of your lock-up. Search your prison records, and listen to complaints of good citizens for assaults upon their persons, for vulgar and obscene language to them and their children, for night robberies of their fruit and their hen roosts, to say nothing of drunken brawls.

1896: Report of the Truant Officer: I have investigated 87 cases and have visited 23 different parents in doing my work. I find the greater part of the trouble is with the parents. They want their children at home to “mind the baby” while they go calling, to “help about their work”, “wheel the baby”, or “carry their father’s dinners”. There are some who willfully play truant, but if the parents would work with the committee there would be less trouble.

PARENTS: 1861: In presenting our Annual Report to the Town, we are happy to say that our schools during the past year have been, generally, a hearty co-operation of parents, teachers, and scholars. In many instances there was a strong desire that the schools in which they had a special interest should be eminently successful. We would not conceal the fact, however, that the prince of the power of the air is not solely confined in his operations to other portions of the Union, but even here the spirit of secession manifests itself, occasionally in parents, by refusing to send their children to school if they cannot have the privilege of selecting the teacher, by taking their children, from school upon some slight pretext; by speaking evil of the teachers, rep-

resenting them as wholly unfit for the business in which they are engaged. Though the teacher's moral character is without reproach, his moral teachings faultless, and his literary attainments amply sufficient, a large majority of the scholars advancing as rapidly in their several studies as could reasonably be expected; yet there are some who are dissatisfied. They have fully determined that they will not have anything to do with the school; they do not wish for any compromise, for any adjustment of real or imagined difficulties. They say, "If the district had employed Mr. A. or Miss B. as teacher we might have had a good school". In reply to this remark, we would say that you might have had a good school if you had labored as faithfully to sustain it as you have to destroy it. The class of persons alluded to above is small, few in number; may they grow less. We do not wish them to remove, but to reform; and we should advise them to cultivate a peaceable disposition, and to follow peace with all men, (Heb.xii:

14,15) and if they cannot get all they wish, to get all they can rightfully and be content.

1874: Another evil which prevails, more or less, is the habit in parents of fault-finding, criticisms upon teachers in the presence of their children. This censoriousness spoils the confidence of children and leads to insubordination. If it were possible to guide these children to love and obedience before, who can doubt that such imprudence in parents arms the child for conflict? If these parents have any cause for complaint, their business is with the teacher first, and if not satisfied, with the committee.

1895: If the citizens would more generally visit the schools and learn for themselves, by observation, the workings of the school system, rather than catching up and magnifying every street rumor, many imaginary causes of complaint would disappear and the committees would receive support rather than condemnation for their work.



District Number 1, Center School, Chester Hill, 1933

Weaving

by Mrs. Ralph W. Hayden

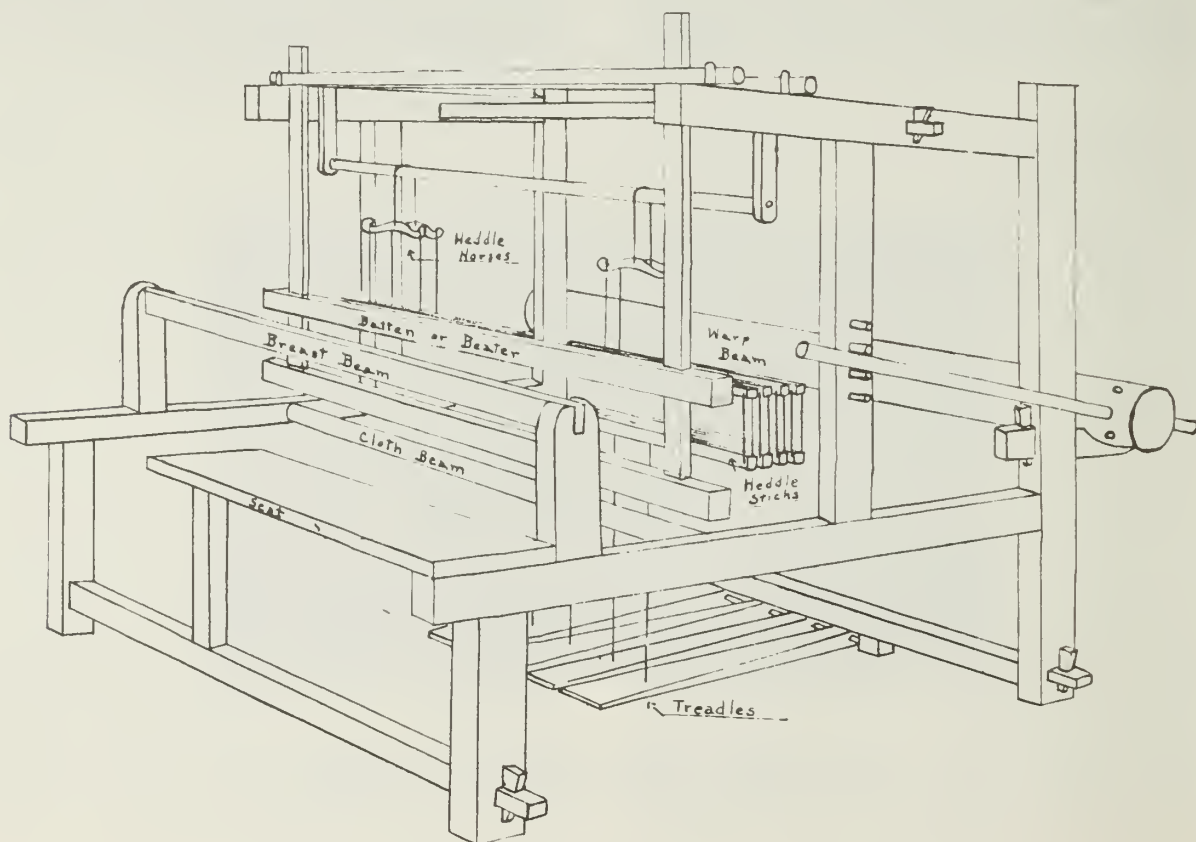
The art of weaving is so old that written history does not record its beginnings. Several countries claim the honor and present proof in the form of early pictures but it still is and probably will be an unsolved mystery. Quite possibly, weaving may have been discovered or invented by several peoples.

Each country has its own methods and patterns but the fundamental principle remains the same. Anyone who had darned a stocking will understand it---simply going over and under lengthwise or warp threads with a crosswise or weft thread.

The craft words used by our forefathers were simple and homely. The many syllabled technical terms of today seem over-elaborate in comparison. As this description of weaving goes on, some of those sturdy, almost forgotten words will be used and underscored.

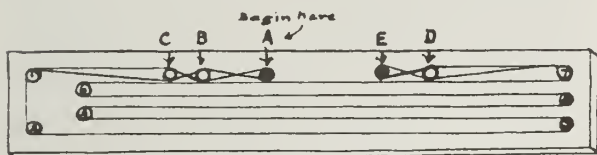
We, of course, are particularly interested in the weaving of our forefathers. As the people in the new country began to feel the pressure of taxes, they rebelled and soon it was considered the patriotic duty of every housewife to do her own weaving or have it done by the itinerant weaver. Weaving was done in homes up to the Civil War. Little was done after that time and comparatively few people now remember seeing looms in operation.

The looms we find in old attics today are often heavy and sometime crude, but they show careful, honest workmanship with the materials which were at hand. Most of them are framed with mortise and



tenon joints and not a nail is used in their construction. The framework of some of these looms is about six feet high, six feet wide, and seven feet deep, which explains the necessity for the separate loom room.

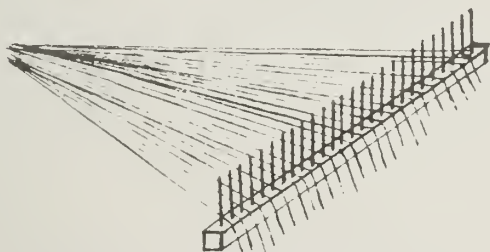
The first step in weaving is warping. The material selected for the lengthwise threads of the finished cloth is passed back and forth around pegs in a warping board until the required length is obtained. This operation is repeated until one has the necessary number of warp threads to make the desired length of cloth. The manner of determining this number will be explained later. In warping, the threads are crossed between A,B and C; also between D and E. (see illustration) These crosses are



Warping Board in Use

important as will be seen later. After the proper number of threads is placed, the warp is carefully taken from the board by slipping it from peg A and with the hands a simple loop is made. Another loop is drawn through this as in crocheting. This is continued until the end is reached. One now has a chain of warp.

At the back of the loom is a large, round beam called the warp beam. This may be revolved at will. A small rod about an inch and a half in diameter is fastened by cords to this beam. Now begins the dressing of the loom. The small rod is slipped through



Warp Distributed in Spreader

loop E in the warp. The warp is spread to the approximate width of the weaving by placing groups of threads through the teeth of a raddle or rake. The last word exactly describes the spreader.

The help of another person is needed now to turn the warp beam slowly while one keeps the warp straight and taut as it is rolled on the beam. When this is done satisfactorily, two lease rods are placed between crosses A, B and C. The alternate threads are thus kept in their proper order. The first thread passes over the back rod and under the front rod; the second thread reversing the order; the third as the first, etc. This simplifies threading as the warp would be hopelessly tangled without these crosses.

Next comes the threading of the heddles. The heddles of our ancestors were of linen thread but weavers of today find those of wire more satisfactory. The

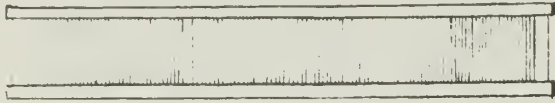


Heddle

heddles are strung on two rods---one through the top loop and one through the bottom. The complete assembly is called a harness. For simple over and under weaving, two harnesses are used, while pattern weaving as in the old coverlets calls for four. The harnesses are hung from a strong rod near the front of the loom.

Through the eye of each heddle is strung a warp thread---the first thread through the first heddle on the front harness; the second thread through the first heddle on the back harness; the third thread through the second heddle in the front harness, and so on. This is not as complicated as it sounds but requires patience.

After the thread is drawn through the heddle, it is passed through an opening in

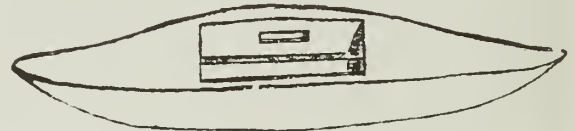


A Reed

the reed. In front of the harnesses is hung a swinging framework called the beater or batten in which the reed is placed. The reed was made by binding split reeds or bamboo four to six inches in length between half-round rods. A comb provides the best comparison. The reed is numbered according to the number of openings in an inch. Thus a #12 reed has 12 openings in one inch. Evidently the old time reeds were numbered according to the number of openings in two inches. A #12 would then become a #24. The size of the reed determines the number of threads to be warped in the beginning. If one were using a #12 reed and wished to weave a piece of cloth ten inches wide, 120 threads (10" X 12) should be warped, plus 12 to 24 more to allow for a selvage and a certain drawing-in of the cloth in weaving. This varies with the weaver and must be determined by experience. In passing the warp threads through the reed openings, the work should be centered. That is, the center of the reed is found and half of the threads are placed to the right and half to the left of this point. With 120 threads, one would begin threading 60 openings to the right of the center of the reed. The loom is then balanced to do good work.

After threading through the reed, the warp is tied securely to a small rod attached to the cloth beam at the front of the loom by cords. The rod is brought up over the breast beam, a stationary bar in front of the batten. Care must be taken in tying that each warp thread has the same tension. Otherwise very uneven cloth will be produced, to say nothing of that calamity ---broken warp threads. They may be tied but at best are not very satisfactory.

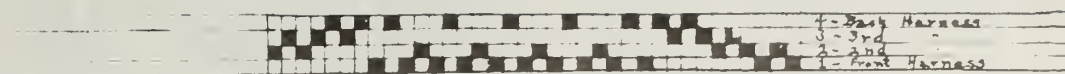
The next step is to fill the shuttle with material for the weft or woof. The shuttle is often made of apple wood and the old ones are polished by use to a satiny finish. It is about ten inches long and in the center is hollowed an opening to take in the quill wound with weft thread.



A Shuttle

The harnesses are tied to the treadles below. When ready to weave, one presses the right hand treadle and alternate threads in the warp are raised and those between are lowered, creating a shed to allow the shuttle to pass through freely from right to left. As the shuttle is thrown, the weft thread unwinds from the quill. Then the swinging batten is pulled toward the weaver rather sharply and the thread is beaten in. Next the left hand threadle is depressed, the shuttle thrown from left to right and the batten brought forward again. This operation is repeated until the desired length of cloth is woven.

In pattern weaving, four harnesses are used. While seemingly more complicated, it is easily understood by one who has mastered the earlier steps of weaving. The threading is different from that of plain weaving. A draft is followed in which there are four spaces. Imagine the lines and spaces of a bar of music. Numbered from the bottom to the top, the first space represents the front harness; the second space, the second harness; the third space, the third harness; and the fourth space, the back harness. Now draw vertical lines to make squares in your imaginary music bar. Each of these squares represents a heddle. In following the draft, the warp threads are drawn through the heddles indicated by the dark squares. That is, in the



The Butternut Draft

Butternut pattern, thread number one would be drawn through the first heddle in the first harnesses; the second thread through the first heddle in the second harness; the third thread through the second heddle in the first harness; and so on following the draft to the end.

There are many other types of weaving but most of us are interested in the coverlets so proudly displayed by those fortunate enough to possess them. Nearly all these are woven with four harnesses as described above. The pattern possibilities are limitless. The names given the patterns are proof that our forbears were able to give their fancy play if they so desired. We have Methodist Wheel, Solomon's Delight, Lover's Knot, Federal Knot, Lee's Surrender, Cat's Paw and Snail Trail, Pine Cone Bloom, Snowball, Dog Tracks, Bonaparte's March, Chariot

Wheels, Whig Rose, Governor's Garden, Parson's Beauty, Queen's Delight, Braddock's Defeat and many others. Some of these come from a real or fancied resemblance while others reflect Revolutionary and political events. Occasionally a pattern is known by a different name in other localities.

Hand weaving is to be heartily recommended as a delightful occupation. Anyone seriously interested is referred to *Foot-Power Loom Weaving* by Edward F Worst and *Shuttle-Craft Book of American Hand-Weaving* by Mary Atwater. Worst's book clearly describes every step in weaving and gives many drafts. The *Shuttle-Craft Book* also contains drafts and extremely readable chapters dealing with the many preparations given flax and wool before weaving could be done.



Fern

Days of Carpetbagging and Edwin S. Burr

by Clifford L. Kites

Those of us who can look back fifty or more years ago, can well remember the big carpetbags which were universally used by travelers in those days. These commodious bags holding almost as much as a bushel basket, came into use about 1830, and for many years were made of carpet fabric, but later were made of oil-cloth or leather. But they still retained the name of carpetbags. It was a common sight then to see the members of theatrical troops arriving in the city, carrying their belongings in carpetbags of various colors.

Probably no carpetbag ever had harder use, or was carried by a more colorful character, than the old red one which Edwin S. Burr of Worthington used to lug to Springfield three times a week doing errands for anyone who wanted one done. Ed was the owner and driver of the stage which used to run from Worthington Corners through Worthington Center, Ringville, South Worthington, and Knightville to Huntington. He had the contract for carrying the mail, and also carried passengers. He also had the contract for carrying the mail from Worthington up through Chesterfield to Williamsburg, and up through Peru to Hinsdale, but he, himself, drove only the Worthington-Huntington route.

A big man with broad shoulders and a



Drawing by Karin Cook

swinging gait, he was very quick in his movements as he well needed to be, but slightly stooped in his late years from lugging his heavy old carpetbag around. He was as familiar a figure on the streets of Springfield in those days, as he hustled from store to store doing his errands, as he was in his own home town.

If Mrs. Thrasher in Worthington wanted some gingham to make some new aprons, or someone in Ringville wanted a dozen doughnuts and a spool of thread, or Ed Allen in Huntington wanted something for his hardware store, or Heath and Pease in Huntington wanted to deposit \$500 in the bank, all they had to do was to let Ed Burr know about it, and he took care of their wants very nicely. And the charge for doing these errands was--would you believe it?--ten cents. No matter how big or how small the errand was, that was always the charge for doing it.

Always dressed in a gray suit, three days a week, Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, he made the trip from Worthington to Huntington, and then boarded the 10:23 train to Springfield; and he always returned on the train arriving in Huntington at 3:49 in the afternoon.

A remarkable man in many ways, the most remarkable thing about him was his memory. Few people are gifted with a memory such as he had. Of the many errands he was called upon to do, he never made any note of them except in his head, and he very, very seldom made a mistake.

By doing his trading at the same stores all the time, he brought them so much business that often he was able to get a reduction in price, and it was a common saying among his customers, that Ed Burr could buy it for them cheaper than they could buy it themselves. While he did some errands for people on his other routes, by a

sort of relay system, the bulk of his errand business was on the Worthington-Huntington route.

The wagon he used on the Huntington route was typical of the stages of those days, made to seat 12 people, but if the occasion required it, by a little adjustment there, he was always able to get in one or two more, and it was said of him that he never was known to leave a passenger behind.

In the wintertime the sleigh he used on the Huntington route was quite an elaborate one. The body of the sleigh was some 12 feet long, and painted green, while the bobsleds were painted red. The dashboard was large and curved, and protruded up and over the front of the sleigh, thus preventing ice and snow kicked up by the horse's feet from being thrown into the sleigh. The sleigh had three large seats and, as in the wagon mentioned above, Ed would always squeeze in one or two more. The sleighs used on his other two routes were of the same description.

Running those three mail routes required not only considerable capital invested, but the keeping of several pairs of horses, as the Worthington-Huntington route was a 28 mile trip, 14 miles each way, and the other routes were about as long. That was a long hard trip over the roads of those days, and required a pair of horses for each trip.

Born in Worthington, February 6, 1836, for 40 years through the mud of spring, the heat of summer, and the snow of winter, he served his country well by carrying the mail, and his townspeople and many others by doing their errands. When he passed on in 1905 at the age of 69, Worthington lost not only its busiest man, but one of its most beloved citizens.

* * *

Traveling the Pontoosuc Turnpike

by Lucy Conant

If you take the train from Boston to Chicago, between Westfield and Pittsfield you would be traveling the route of the Old Pontoosuc Turnpike built in 1830. Following the west branch of the Westfield River into the Berkshire Hills, the countryside is still just as picturesque as it was 150 years ago.

The Berkshire Hills presented a difficult barrier to the early settlers as they moved west. In the early 1800's a number of turnpikes were built from the Connecticut River to Pittsfield and Albany. Several different routes were developed. The Third Massachusetts Turnpike ran from Northampton via Worthington and Peru to Pittsfield. Another turnpike reached Pittsfield by way of Blandford and Lee. Both of these routes climbed steep hills and "... were notorious for accidents to stage-coaches." In addition, two different routes ran westward through Chester. The Chester Turnpike Corporation developed a road running through Chester Center and Middlefield which connected with the Eighth Massachusetts Turnpike near Huntington and the Third Massachusetts Turnpike in Hinsdale. Meanwhile, in 1800 the Eighth Massachusetts Turnpike was built from the Westfield line along the Westfield River through what is now Russell, Huntington, and Chester and then

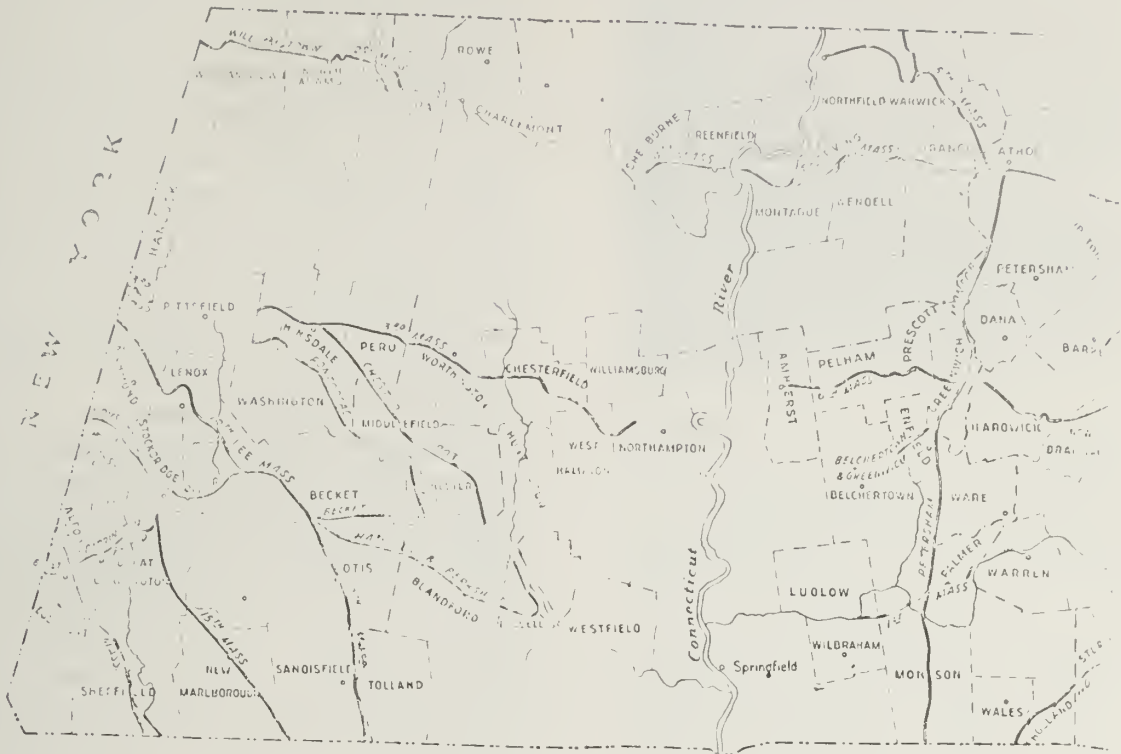
over the hills to Becket. While authorized to continue to Pittsfield via Washington, the cost of construction was so great that no continuous turnpike route ever was completed.

By 1818, interest had developed in a turnpike route running along the west branch of the Westfield River past Chester Factories and around Mt. Gobble where the counties of Berkshire, Hampshire, and Hampden meet, to the mouth of Factory Brook in Middlefield. This was to become the Pontoosuc Turnpike running through the "Pass of the Westfield." In 1828 Middlefield voted to build a mile of turnpike along Factory Brook, provided the road was located on this route. However, since Middlefield was the only town in Hampshire County that would benefit from the turnpike, the County officials were reluctant to support a project that primarily would aid the other counties. Also, a number of prominent Berkshire County men were on the Corporation, so in the end, the turnpike route went past Factory Brook and continued along the west branch of the Westfield River to Becket and Washington.

Built at the cost of \$10,000, the Pontoosuc Turnpike opened in 1830, running from Westfield to Pittsfield. Pontoosuc was the Indian name for Pittsfield and

V E R M O N T

N E W



C O N N E C T I C U T

TURNPIKES OF MASSACHUSETTS

SCALE - MILES
0 5 10

Frederic J. Woods, "The Turnpikes of New England", Boston, 1919.



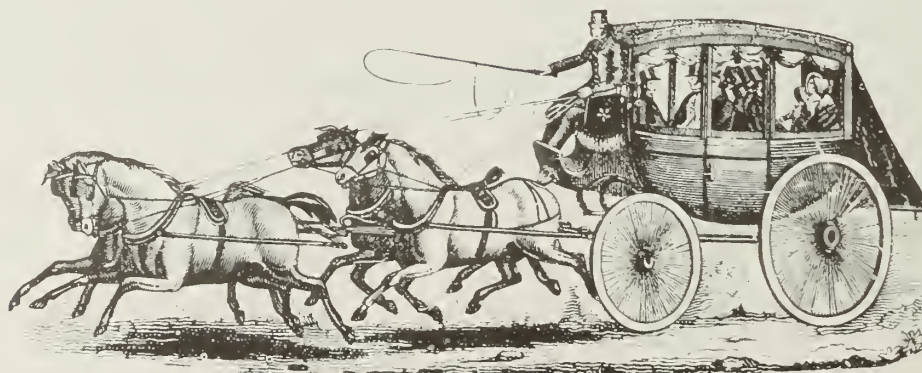
A section of the old turnpike as it looks today north of Chester.

Photograph courtesy of Lucy Conant

meant "a run for deer." It was commented that "the pleasure of this trip was enhanced by the comfortable coaches and excellent horses and the Pontoosuc Turnpike deservedly became a popular thoroughfare..." The scenery was spectacular and as it followed the curve of the river around Mt. Gobble past the Daniel Root farm in Middlefield, it was a completely new road. It was the first and only highway through this narrow winding valley with steep hill-sides on both sides of the fast flowing Westfield River.

A rider on the first stagecoach at the opening of the Turnpike wrote, "The labor and expense of constructing the road and the wildness and peculiar beauty of the scenery can only be estimated by those who have passed over it. The ravine was previously penetrated by a small and rapid rivulet and the only way of passing it on foot was by resorting in many places to the bed of the stream. In several sections where the road was laid out, the stream was walled in, upon both sides, by precipices about perpendicular, and the foundations of the road were laid in the bed of the brook and the passages cut through a rock about solid."

As soon as the Turnpike was in operation, it began to be considered as a possible route for either a canal or a railroad between Boston and Albany. "The opening of the Pontoosuc Turnpike turned public attention to the feasibility of using the West Branch as a water way through the Berkshire Hills. ...Several routes were considered, one of which following the Westfield River Valley through Chester, Middlefield, and Becket, was to have its summit level at Pittsfield and its water supply from brooks as far east as Middlefield." Meanwhile it was one of three routes surveyed as a possibility for a railroad by the Western Railroad Company which was incorporated in 1833. The



northern route later became the Hoosac Tunnel route while the Pontoosuc Turnpike was the middle route, and the southern route ran through Great Barrington.

While this planning was taking place, an English captain traveled by stagecoach over the Pontoosuc Turnpike. He described the hills, streams and ravines over which the stagecoach traveled and concluded. "These Yankees talk of constructing a Rail Road over this route. As a practical engineer I pronounce it simply impossible." It would have taken over two days of hard travel for him to go from Boston to Albany, and the stage coach fare was \$8.

As the construction of the railroad moved west from Boston, the decision was made to follow the route of the Pontoosuc Turnpike. Because of the easier grade, the Western Railroad tried to obtain permission from the town of Middlefield to lay its track along Factory Brook. Although the manufacturers in the town favored the railroad, the more conservative farmers were opposed to such a drastic develop-

ment and turned down the request of the Western Railroad. As a result, there was no choice but to continue to follow the Pontoosuc Turnpike through North Becket and Washington. Because the Westfield River valley was so narrow the stage coach line had to be detoured from Huntington to Hinsdale over a road running through Smith Hollow to West Worthington and Peru while the railroad bed was being built. Throughout 1841 the tracks were laid westward through what was called the Mountain Division (almost fourteen miles of track cost over a million dollars.) Here Major George Washington Whistler, the chief engineer, designed and built the unique stone arch bridges over the Westfield River which still stand today. (They are described in the 1979 Spring issue of *Stone Walls*.) By December 1841 the last rails were laid, and with the opening of the railroad, the era of the stagecoach came to an abrupt end.

The Pontoosuc Turnpike only lasted for eleven years, from 1830 to 1841, but it developed the route for the Western Rail-



These old granite stones are undoubtedly markers along the turnpike route. Note the railroad tracks in the background.

Photograph courtesy of Lucy Conant

road which as changed its name several times but continues today as part of the Conrail system. Parts of the old turnpike were used for local roads. Writing in the early 1900's, William Mills described the use of the old turnpike as past of the Middlefield Road from Chester. "It followed what is now Middlefield Street as far as the residence of William Stevens, and there crossed the railroad track. The writer passed over this road by sleigh December 30, 1901 on his first visit to the Carrington Farm, and on his next visit March 22, 1902 the grade crossing had been abandoned, and the road built by the side of the railroad northward to the bridge over the track then just completed. That was the last use of the Pontoosuc Turnpike."

In 1924, the authors of the *History of the Town of Middlefield* wrote, "From the

(railroad) car windows several stretches of this road between Middlefield and Chester can still be seen, particularly the portion still lined with old maple trees near the Daniel Root place at the foot of Mt. Gobble." Today amid the brush and poison ivy, those maples, old stone walls, and vertical granite stones still mark the Pontoosuc Turnpike as it ran along the west branch of the Westfield River. Once the Chester - Middlefield Road turns up the mountain, the forest silence is broken only by the sounds of the river and an occasional passing train, but if a hiker or cross country skier listens hard enough, perhaps the faint sound of hoofbeats, the ring of wheels on stone and the creaking of a stage coach can still be heard along the Pontoosuc Turnpike.

References include:

- John H. Lockwood, *Westfield and its Historic Influences*, vol. 2, 1922.
William Mills, *Chester Folks*, handwritten, 1923.
Springfield Sunday Republican, July 9, 1950
Edward Church Smith and Philip Mack Smith, *A History of the Town of Middlefield, Massachusetts*, 1924.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Covered Bridge-Believe it or not Norwich Bridge has not always been at the route crossing the Westfield River at the foot of Montgomery Mountain. Instead a covered bridge crossed the river behind the present day Carriage Barn.

Grist Mill- Believe it or not there was no grist mill in Blandford, nearer than Westfield. This meant hardship for the people who had to travel to get their grain. Their journey was ususally on horse back or on foot.

A Chance Encounter

By Alice Britton

I watched some of *The Holocaust* on television. It told the awesome story of Hitler's rise to power. It was impressive and it brought to mind an incident pertaining to the Germans which took place right here in the little village of Russell.

It was the fall of 1932. Our minister for the Russell Community Church was Henry Robinson, a student at the Hartford Seminary in Hartford, Connecticut. He was young, enthusiastic, and aspired to do great things in the name of the Lord.

I do not know for sure about the circumstances of his acquaintance with the young German officer, but I think it was a chance meeting at the YMCA in Hartford. Perhaps it was intentional on the part of the German, since he asked Mr. Robinson to arrange for him to appear at a meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society so that he could show a film of the German youth program.

The meeting was arranged and when the time came, we entertained a most handsome young German Trooper in full dress uniform. He brought his flag with the swastika on it, and showed the film on the training of the young German boys who later became Hitler's storm troopers. We also had a question and answer period and a lively discussion.

I remember vividly how impressed we were as young teen-agers: the glamour of the whole plan, those perfect, good-looking blond boys, the rigid training. I can remember going home and discussing the whole evening's program with my mother. And I think the thing that impressed me the most was that I got the feeling that those young twelve-year-olds, just like our own friends of that age, were

literally being wrenched away from their homes and parents and were not allowed to be influenced by them any more. Everything was for the state, and the film showed the anguish on the faces of the parents. I felt they dared not complain. All boy children must be raised to be loyal German soldiers. I expect at first it did sound good to us, but once in the ranks there was no turning back to the love of home and families. That bothered me at the time, and I guessed I wouldn't want that to happen to my brother who was at the right age at that time.

Never did we realize what would develop over the next few years, with Hitler's rise to power, and World War II.

I know that Henry Robinson (now deceased) in all his innocence, never knew that he was being used at the time. I deeply regret that I never had a chance to discuss this with him, for surely in later years he would have had after-thoughts about this encounter. I don't remember that any parents objected to any of the subject matter that was presented to us. It was all in good faith.

I wonder, sometimes, what part the German fellow took in the War effort after his tour of the United States. I don't even remember his name, and it's a wonder I didn't get his autograph as I was an avid name collector in those days.

When I look back, I can't believe how naive we all were, how we could be taken in and be so impressed by the incident. That goes to show how a foreign power can infiltrate through innocent organizations, even in a quiet small New England village, or in any small town anywhere in the country.



Old Recipes

CALF'S FOOT JELLY

Take a set of feet, put to them a pail of water, let it boil until it's reduced to three pints. Turn the liquor out in a pan to cool, scrape off all the fat when cold, and wipe it off clean. Then add a pint of wine, the juice of three or four lemons and peels, the whites and shells of eight eggs. Break in some cinnamon sugar to your taste. Stir it up well, then put it in a bell-mettle skillet till it comes to boil. Then put it in a flannel bag to strain, keep it stirring or it will be thick. When it has boiled 20 minutes throw in a tea cup of cold water. Let it boil 5 minutes longer then cover it and let it stand ½ hour.

PICKLING BUTTERNUTS

Soak them 9 days and change the water every day.

Then make a brine and let them lie in it a fortnight, then take them and throw them into sour cider and let lie two or three days then wipe them clean and pour boiling vinegar to them that has had cloves, mace, race-ginger, and mustardseed boiled in it. It is best to put your spices in a bag and let that bag lie in the pot with the nuts.






CECILS

Mince any kind of meat, crumbs of bread, a good deal on onion, lemon peel, salt, nutmeg, chopped parsley and pepper and a bit of butter. Mix these over the fire for a few minutes. When cool enough, make them up into balls of the size of a turkey's egg. With an egg, fry them and serve them with gravy.

MINCE PIE

To make mince pies-----take good beef (which is as good as tongue), when boiled, chop it fine, weigh it, and take half the weight of suet, and half the weight of apples likewise chopped fine---which apples and suet will make the weight of the meat. Put in some sweet cyder and wine, making it very wet. Take as many raisins as your judgement directs, put in a few cloves, some cinnamon and nutmeg and a little salt for seasoning. Melt the sugar in the cyder and warm the wine and cyder both when you put the composition together.



The Listening Deer



Early this fall, while screens were still in the windows, I picked up my violin and was not playing anything special, just making pleasing sounds, when I glanced out the window and saw a fawn listening. I continued to play softly as it stood quietly, and it was joined by another fawn. They made a beautiful picture as they stood together for perhaps five minutes. Presently, their mother came, and she too seemed fascinated, standing relaxed as if the music gave her pleasure. After a bit, Mama said it was time to go, but they went leisurely.

- Helen Scott
Chester Center



Photo of Chapin Gould Mill

I Remember Crescent Mills

PART 111

Clifford L. Kites

There were several boys about my age in the little village. My closest and dearest friends were Will McBride and James Smiddy. It was with these two that I had most of my adventures.

We three had a great desire to go camping out. So one summer I borrowed a tent from Harry Allen in Huntington, and we set it up in a big grove of white oak trees at the foot of the Rock House Mountain in Montgomery, across the river from Crescent Mills. Our water for washing we got from near-by Taylor Brook, but for drinking water we had to cross the brook on a plank to a spring on the other side. One

night after dark when it had been raining, Jim and I went for a pail of spring water. I was ahead with the lantern, and got across the slippery plank all right, but Jim missed his footing, and went into the brook all over.

Our chief pastime when not berrying or fishing for trout in Taylor Brook, was to stand back about ten feet from one of the trees and whirl a hatchet in the air, and have it stick in the tree. We practiced that so much, we had the tree all hacked up. One day Ledru Clark, who owned the land and gave us permission to camp there, came up to see how we were getting along.

When he saw that fine oak tree all hacked up, he got so mad that he ordered us off the place.

But that didn't dampen our ardor for camping out, and our next adventure in that line was on the Blandford mountain, across the river. There on a small grassy open spot right in the deep woods, and right on top of a high ledge of rock, we built a large wigwam-type tent like the Indians used to make with a hole at the top to let the smoke out. It was made of old drier cloth that had been discarded at the paper mill.

One night about midnight and we were all fast asleep, a terrific rain and wind storm came up, and the wind lifted that tent right off the ground and blew it over the ledge. There we were in the pouring rain without anything to protect us. We managed to get the one lantern we had lighted and made our way down the mountainside to our homes, drenched to the skin. That was the end of camping out.

Hallowe'en was always a great time with us, but I don't recall that we ever caused any property damage, unless removing a gate from a fence would be considered such. But we put tick-tacks on the windows of houses, and we let a cabbage stump go at the front of every house in the village. A few days before the big night arrived, we would go around collecting cabbage stumps from the different gardens, and go the length of the one street and let one go at every door. I recall one time my aim was not very good, and the stump went through a glass transom over the door of Bernie Aldrich's home. Bernie came out and sat on his front steps the rest of the evening, with his shotgun in his lap, but he never found out who broke the glass.

Today all the homes, Texon Mill, and the schoolhouse are tied in with the water system of the town of Russell, and the water comes from a reservoir on Blandford Mountain, which is fed from Black Brook.

When I was a boy, the eight homes and the barn in the upper part of the village were supplied with water from a large spring in an orchard on the hillside, and the eight homes in the lower part of the village from a small reservoir fed by springs. The spring was a large one, having been dug out so that it was about eight feet square, and about the same depth, and there always was three or four feet of water in it. It was loosely covered with boards, and in one corner a rock projected.

One day I was up in the orchard roaming around when I noticed that the end of one of the boards had dropped into the spring. So I went over and looked in and found that the end of the board had landed on the rock and sitting there minding his own business was a skunk. Believe me, I got out of there in a hurry. What we would have done for water if the skunk had let go is hard to imagine.

The little village had a baseball team second to none in the area, and I was captain and manager. Mother made me a baseball suit of bright blue cloth with a red stripe running up the side of the pants and a cap to match, and I had a bright red belt with "Captain" on it. Was I a proud kid when I had that baseball suit on!

Whenever I got a game with another team I had to go to father and ask off for the other eight players, as they all worked in the paper mill. As these games were always on a Saturday afternoon, he always let them off. Not only that, but he bought all our hats, gloves, and baseballs as well as a league ball which in those days cost \$1.25. We thought nothing of walking to Woronoco (then called Fairfield) for a game with the team there. It was a distance of five miles; we walked home again after the game. One time there was a game of baseball between the single and the married men who worked in the paper mill, for a keg of beer. The single men won, but a good time was had by all.



Drawing by Karin Cook

My favorite near-by brooks were Taylor Brook and Bear Den Brook, both in Montgomery. If we wanted some trout to eat, I would go up Taylor Brook as far as the sawmill, and fish down to the river which was a distance of about a quarter of a mile, and catch all the trout we could eat. If I wanted a little longer trip, I would go up to Crow Bridge a mile further upstream, and fish back to the river.

Bear Den Brook is a small stream that

flows from a spring on the mountainside. It is about a mile long, and was alive with small size speckled trout. About halfway down its length, another small brook joined it. At that point some friends of mine built a fireplace and used to cook some trout to go with their lunch, and then hide the frying pan under a large stone. But I never bothered with that when I was alone; I always was too busy fishing.

One day I was fishing there, and when I reached the place where the two brooks



Former Home of Superintendent - Crescent Mills

joined, I ate my lunch and cleaned my trout. I cannot remember just how many I had then, but there were a lot of them, almost a basket full. I continued fishing, and when I reached the river, I cleaned those that I had caught since noon, counted them all, and found I had 99 trout. What a mess of trout! I not only had my basket full, but my pockets as well. There wasn't a trout over six inches long, and most of them were smaller. They just didn't grow any larger in that small brook that dries up in hot weather when the trout return to the river. I tried to catch one to make it 100, but I couldn't catch even one more.

It was fun going after the cows at the end of the afternoon. Usually all of them were waiting at the pasture gate, but sometimes one would be missing and we had to hunt her up. That required some walking, as the pasture was a large one. Occasionally a cow would have her calf in the pasture, and we had to hunt them up, and carry the calf to the barn in our arms.

When I was 13 years old, my parents sent me to Dalton to go to school there and live with my Aunt Millie, my father's sister. They thought the schools there were better than those in Russell or Hunt-

ington, and I guess they were. I liked it there very much at first, and never went home except at vacation time. But after awhile I got homesick and went home every other weekend. On the weekends I didn't go home, my mother often came up and stayed until Monday.

We used to hire a hack at Dave Pratt's livery stable to meet her at the railroad station, and to return her there on Monday morning. The Kiteses rode in style in those days. How mad it used to make me when I got off the train at Dalton, to hear the conductor yell to the brakeman: "Is that boy off yet?" as though I didn't know enough get off by myself.

In the spring father would send us half a hog, that Laura West, who lived with my aunt and was handy with tools, would cut up. We smoked the ham under a sugar barrel on the lawn, and plenty of smoke was provided by a pan of hot coals from the kitchen stove, and some corncobs. My aunt had a friend who had a horse and buggy, and we would borrow them and go blackberrying on the mountain, and pick a bushel of blackberries in a day. My aunt preserved them, and we had blackberry pie and shortcake all winter long. Never

have I seen such blackberries as grew in Dalton. Some of the bushes were so high I couldn't reach to the top of them.

I will not mention the many things I used to do in Dalton, as in many ways they were about the same as in Crescent Mills. But there are three things that to me seem to stand out above all the others, and I will mention them, and that will be the end of my adventures.

My aunt kept hens, and one cold winter night we went out to the henhouse to replace a nest box that had fallen down. In those days dropping boards were not used under the roosts. My aunt held the lantern, and I was down on my hands and knees under the roosts with a hammer and nails, putting the next box back in place when one of the hens let one go, and it landed on one of my ears. I never will forget how nice and warm it felt.

About half a mile below Dalton on the railroad tracks toward Pittsfield, there is an underpass where the road from Dalton to Pittsfield passes under the tracks. Joe Dwyer, Bart Pike, and I used to walk down the railroad tracks to the underpass and stick our heads up through the ties. My idea of this was to see who dared to keep his head up the longest time when a train was approaching. It is so many years ago, I cannot remember whoever won out, probably we all did at one time or another, as we went down there quite often. But I well remember the hot water that sometimes trickled down from the engine as we crouched there, and the train passed over us, not more than three feet away. What fools boys are at times!

While we always walked down, we never walked back, but used to hop a freight train and ride back. There is a very steep grade on the railroad tracks there all the way from Pittsfield to Washington, and heavily loaded freight trains move along very slowly, so it never was any trouble to hop one. Sometimes they got stuck and

whistled for a pusher engine to come up from the Junction in Pittsfield to help them up the mountain.

A short distance from my aunt's home there lived a family by the name of Dickson. There were two boys in the family, Lyman and Clifford. Lyman, the younger one, was a devil and was always getting into trouble. But Clifford, who was about my age, was a goody-goody boy, who much preferred to sit in the house reading a book, while the rest of us were playing baseball or fishing for suckers in the nearby Housatonic River.

Cliff and I were very good friends. We went to school and Sunday school together, and often went berrying. Quite often on winter nights I would spend the evening with Cliff at his home, and he would do the same. Several times after we moved to Springfield, he came into the office where I worked to see me. My aunt often reminded me of what a model young man Clifford Dickson was, and told me if I followed in his footsteps I never would get into trouble.

A short time after we moved to Springfield, the Dickson family moved to Pittsfield, where Cliff, after he grew up, became quite popular. He got into politics, was elected alderman, and a few years later became postmaster of Pittsfield, a position he held for about ten years.

One evening the people of Pittsfield and vicinity picked up their copies of the Berkshire Eagle to see in bold headlines at the top: CLIFFORD DICKSON SKIPS TOWN WITH \$10,000 OF THE POST OFFICE MONEY. He went to a small town in the far west and they never caught him. After being there two years, though, what he had done bothered his conscience so that he couldn't stand it any longer, and he came back and gave himself up. The last I knew of him he was serving time in a Federal Penitentiary. That was Clifford Dickson, the model man.

Birthday Recollections--

A Sermon

by Timothy Mather Cooley

Preached at Granville First Parish March 13, 1857
Commemorating the Author's Eighty-fifth Birthday

I was born in Granville, Massachusetts, March 13, 1772 which was about three years and one month before the Battle of Lexington. We were then British Provinces, now we are more than thirty states and territories.

I am thankful that my term of life has fallen in that very period of time which I should have chosen for myself. Making every allowance for our tendency to magnify what has relation to ourselves, we yet cannot be mistaken in supposing the past six sevenths of the century, to be the most remarkable period of time since time began.

I have lived to witness the entire war of the revolution, and the Declaration of Independence, and the inauguration of thirteen presidents of the United States from George Washington to Claudius Buchanan. Only three now survive: Van Buren, Pierce, and Buchanan.

At the death of the beloved Washington this pulpit was dressed in mourning and by request I delivered a funeral eulogy on him, who under God was the Saviour of our country.

At the time of my birth there were no cars, nor canals, nor steamboats to facilitate our national intercommunication. The saddle and the pillion were nearly the only facilities of travel during the first quarter of a century of my life. There was no telegraph (the world's wonder!) to send a message with lightning speed from New Orleans to Boston in a second of time.

At the date to which I refer there were no Retreats for for the Insane, this unfortunate class were confined in homes, in poor-houses, and in jails. Of those confined in jails, 4 had been confined 20 years, 1 for 35 years, and 2 for 40 years, and 1 for 45 years.

There were no infirmaries for the blind to teach them by the sense of feeling. Julia Brace at the age of four could neither hear, speak, nor see. The last word she pronounced was "mother." Now at the age of fifty she is in an institution and is leading a useful life. Laura Bridgman at the age of twenty-seven has no sense other than feeling, she is under the care of Dr. Howe in Boston and is learning to lead a purposeful life in spite of her handicaps.



Rev. Timothy Mather Cooley, D.D.
Sixty-three Years Pastor of the First Church
1796-1859

Our age has been blessed with the Sabbath Schools which have gathered thousands of children from the highways and hedges, under the salutary influence of the Sabbath School teachers. Our communion seasons in the last century called in only the mature, now we are being beautified by the presence of children to shout Hosannas to the Son of David.

The Temperance Reformation has also wrought wonders in the age in which we live. I remember when the judge and the jury, the professor and the non-professor, the laborer in the sacred pulpit; all, all drank the poisonous intoxicating bowl. The first half century of my life was marked for dram drinking, and even the most beastly intoxication. When night darkened the streets, then wandered forth the sons of Belial flown with insolence and wine. In a country village in the heart of New Eng-

land a hogshead of wine had been retailed in one day. But what has the Temperance Reformation done in the last thirty years? Hundreds have been reformed and now stringent laws enacted making it a fine and even imprisonment to retail strong drink.

I am grateful to God that he executed me a man and not an angel! It is doubtless a privilege in some respects greater, to be a redeemed sinner than to be an angel. I am thankful therefore that my heavenly Father was pleased to assign my place among men. My birth and long life have passed in Granville. In some respects no place on earth is to be compared with the hillsides where we dwell. we are blest with the purest air and the purest water from mountain rocks.

As many as one in thirty reach the age of 90 years. Physicians for the most part have obtained a scanty living here. The dwellers of this place have occupied high ground for moral and intellectual worth.

In the Revolutionary War our goodly fathers stood shoulder to shoulder in opposing the oppressive enactments of the Father-land. Some of the finest and best blood of this place was shed in that war. The first Deacon of the Church sent two sons into the army. The second Deacon enlisted in the war at Ticonderoga and never lived to return home. The third Deacon had a son in the army at New London, who fell in his tender youth. The fourth Deacon had a son by adoption whose head was cleft by the broadsword of a British Light Horse at the Battle of White Plains and the two parts fell upon his shoulders. The fifth Deacon was commander of a company in two campaigns, one at the northward and afterwards one at White Plains where he received a wound and was compelled to retire from the army. I remember standing at his knee when the lower part of his limb was wrapped in broadcloth. The sixth deacon enlisted for three years or during the war. His suffering from small-pox and

yellow fever was extreme and for six months his godly parents mourned for him, hearing that he was dead. He was at the last fatal battle at Yorktown and under Lieut. Col. Hamilton. He was the first private to leap the wall of the left redoubt into the ditch among a forest of bayonets and received a wound and carried the scar to his grave. And I may add that the father of your pastor's wife, a young man of piety and excellence, enlisted in the Northern Army and found a soldier's funeral back from Lake Champlain at the age of 28 years, leaving his wife a widow, and my wife, an orphan at six months old. Indeed, nearly all the venerable Fathers of Granville were either soldiers or officers in the war in defense of our country.

This place has given birth to twenty-seven professional men, some of whom are men of some distinction. Eight Gospel ministers have been born here, ten lawyers, eight doctors, as well as two judges, of these men ten are among the dead. A President of a New England College has remarked that the Green Mountain Range where we dwell is distinguished above all the country for intellectual talent. We have sent forth sons of emigrants who have sent back to us good reports. Whether merchants or mechanics or farmers or professional men they as a class stand unrivaled.

Here I may refer to Granville, Ohio, as a perfect illustration of my subject. God has blessed this beloved daughter of ours which was organized May 1805 with his presence and smiles. At their Jubilee I was invited to attend, and at the close of the public service Rev. Dr. Little informed the great assembly I should leave the village immediately, and as many as 500 or more from the age of 93 down to the infant Sabbath scholar of 6 years came to the platform and gave the affectionate parting hand.

It was a loving and a final parting, to meet no more till the last Judgment Day. The liberal present of one hundred and twenty-five dollars was put into my hand at parting.

I desire to give thanks to God for putting me in the ministry. From childhood I looked forward to the Christian ministry with intensity of interest. It was the intention of my honored father that I should be his helper on the farm. My pious mother's intentions and prayers were decisively in favor of my choosing the ministry. The Lord was pleased to incline the heart of my father to give up his favorite object and grant me the privilege of a liberal education. Before I was sixteen years old I was received to full communion with this Church. I fitted for the ministry not because it is the road to wealth or pleasures, and I fear that my early motive was not love to the Saviour, nor to the precious souls of men.

My very first sermon was preached from this pulpit. Before the year closed I received a settlement from two respectable Churches and Congregations and preferring the smaller place for my ministerial life, and lesser salary, I chose my native town. I have never for one hour regretted my choice.

It is a duty I owe the venerated dead to mention that not one unkind word or unkind look ever fell upon their unworthy pastor. It was when my age was 26 in the act of writing a sermon on the Saviour, God imparted such views as led me after to fix it as my new birth. God had enabled me as I trust, and to His name be all the glory given, to make me instrumental in saving souls.

I must now say on this 85th anniversary of my birth that a more peaceful and happy ministerial life can scarcely be conceived than I have enjoyed among the fathers, the children, and the kindred of my youth.

May my adored Saviour make the pathway of my successor equally pleasant and happy, and inexpressively more successful on winning souls to the Saviour.

I desire to give thanks to God for giving me long life and health and comfort and for the opportunity of preaching a sermon on

my 85th birthday.

Few indeed among Christ's true ministers can adopt the language of Caleb and say "And now I am this day four score and five years old".

May the God of love and peace be with you all.

This sermon was found in Rochester, N.Y. and sent to Granville March 30, 1955. Because of limited space it has been edited. Entire manuscript may be seen at the Historical Room. Dr. Cooley is one of Granville's most illustrious sons, and as such was recognized during the Bicentennial Year.

H.W.D.



SEPTEMBER

by Fred Speckels

September is a brisk chill...
Walking along...
Down a wooded road on a moonless night...
Sparkling...
With myriads of cool stars.

And September is warm days...
Trees, swept by a frosted brush...
Aflame with hues...
Crimson...gold...
Leaves plucked from their sighing boughs
Falling softly...
To the earth.

September is a state fair...
Horses pounding on dry turf...
Squeals of delight on a win...
Shouts from gaily-colored booths...
Balloons...
And children laughing
on the wildly spinning rides.

September is a meadow...
And a golden retriever
Tracing its russet fringes...
A cock pheasant flushed to flight!
The pungent smell of gun solvent...
And the dull gleam of bluing...
By a crackling birch fire.

September is red apples...
Shining like glass ornaments
on weighted trees...
A scent of cider!
Roadside stands laden with the harvest...
And pumpkins...
Heaped in orange disarray.

September is a red sunset...
Dipping behind rolling hills...
And heavy woolen sweaters
On a cool evening...
Sitting by a calm lake...
With deep summer insects drumming
deep...
From a darkening woods.

And September is happy memories
Of summer days...
Songs at the last jamboree...
Counting the few days 'till school...
Warm good-byes
With the parting of friends...
And hushed promises of lovers.



Drawing by Kristin Jay

AUTUMN

by Carol Kuczynski

Idle leaves of brilliance
With stolen color
Are wind pursued
Attempting to escape
With their possession.

The withered fingers
Of barren trees
Are gloved
By an infant snow,
The weight is amputating.

Autumn-
A muted brown deer
White-tailed
Flees the land,
Winter pursued.

INDIAN SUMMER DAYS

by Fred Speckels

A breath of warmth now snaps the chill,
As dimly spied through Autumn's haze,
Faint wisps of smoke on ev'ry hill
Dance 'round russet stacks of maize.

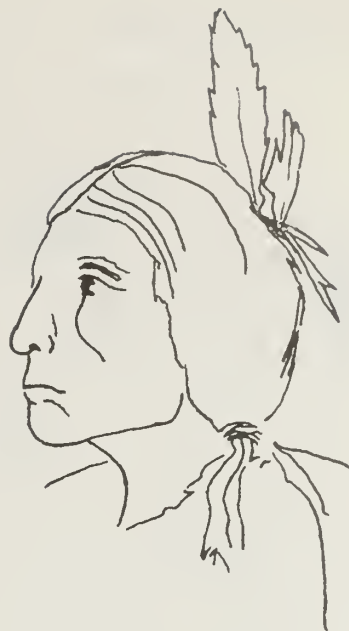
Reborn each fall in those smoky shafts
That billow from the burning leaves,
Freed spirits drift from frosted paths,
Upon the soft October breeze.

Fleeting shadowns of Redmen,
In the gray of dusk, again reclaim
Each crest and glen that once had been
The hunting grounds of their domain.

In the eery firelight,
Inflamed with a savage joy,
There, deep into the black night
Dance the shades of the Iroquois.

They disappear with the bitter blast
That bears Winter's icy glaze
And gone with them are the last
Of the Indian Summer Days.

So, farewell shades of Autumn's rite,
Now sleep for another year,
But not so fair your brother's plight,
Fond farewell wigwam and weir.



Drawing by Kristin Jay

OCTOBER NIGHT

by Karl W. Polan

The silver crescent gleams on high,
And silver coats the evening sky.
Mars is setting, twinkling red,
While Jup'ter blazes overhead.

Dry leaves rattle in the trees.
October's frost is in the breeze.

Midnight comes, the moon has set.
The night sky's show is not o'er yet.
Orion hurls his meteors
That streak the dome like silver spears.
Ursa Major points the way
To where the Lion stalks his prey.
Aurorae flicker overhead
In hues of blue and velvet red.
Rays of pink announce the dawn.
The sparking points begin to wan.
The purple sky soon turns to blue.
Another autumn night is through.

No wonder after daylight's flight,
I love a clear October night.

PAINT THIS PICTURE

by Alice Britton

There is a place
Along this road
Where maples grow
On either side.
Their branches
Overhead entwine,
Forming an arch
You travel through.
The banks are lined
With old stone walls
Toppled in disarray
Reminders of another day.
It is October
When leaves have turned
Bright yellow.
Some have fallen
A mantle of gold
Over the ground.
They rustle
Under your feet
As you shuffle along.
Blue, blue sky,
Sun's rays
Pierce the space;
Straight beams
Of filtered light,
Making
Vivid splotches,
And deep, deep shadows
On the forest floor.
Peaceful scene,
Pleasing to the eye:
Paint this picture
Blue, bright yellow,
Earth tones
Of grays and browns.
Capture this beauty
Right now
In your mind's eye.
For all too soon
The elements,
The wind and rain
Will wipe it away
Leaving
Bare trees
Barren ground
Quiet earth
Abandoned road.

WORSHIP THE WIND

by Vincent Bisaillon

The loneliness of many years
Has taught me
To worship the wind
That teases the pines,
While waiting for the dreams
Of my childhood
To hold me again.

ODE TO NOVEMBER

by Madeline Hunter

Ah,
and welcome!
Friend of melancholy and gray
Welcome.

Too long has your absence been,
Too long my time of silence ignored.

So stark,
the world,
by your reality
So cold.

The furnace of the mind comforts
The soul made sadder by solitude

Ah, yes, my friend
Indeed you are welcomed.
Though severe in temperament
You are a comforting panacea
For a much muted mind.

BLUSH OF LEAVES

by Vincent Bisaillon

Fall is early in the blush of leaves.
At twilight the mist is deep
In the meadow of goldenrods.
The moon is a dream over the mountain,
And hope glimmers
Like clouds above the setting sun.



Drawing by Kristin Jay

SINGING LEAVES

by Vincent Bisaillon

Frost has struck the trees again.
Upon the hills the leaves sing
That in their passing
There will be life again.
My sorrow has lifted.

ANCESTORS

by Patrica Beauvais DuMont

Ancestors.... Ancestors....
What elusive creatures
they can be.

Through -
Cities and Towns
Churches and Archieves
Cemeteries and Libraries
the search continues.
For determination to learn
of their times and their ways,

Is a passion that will follow
me the rest of my days.

Renewed in all its vigor and intensity,
When a name is added to my family tree.



Drawing by Kristin Jay

AUTUMN AGAIN

by Zenon D'Astous

I have journeyed through a 50th summer.
Once again I reach the autumn of the year.

OCTOBER

Everywhere October is showing her colors. The bittersweet has cracked open with the first frost and now shows its brighter orange inner coat. New England asters in varying shades of purple nod in the afternoon sun.

The gold and red of the season spreads over hill and valley. The air is clean and cold the sky more blue than in misty August. Even the Bluejay appears bluer against nature's dazzling tapestry.

This is a time of change. Though summer is over, some days are very warm indeed. One season does not give way to the other easily. Summer returns one day or two at a time. Sometimes coming back long after the leaves are gone and the grasses are brown and seared.

The great osprey calls to me from the top most branch of the big oak at the river's edge. I'm sure he wants me to know he has returned. It has been sixteen autumns now. I must assume it is the same one. On this Sunday afternoon walk I saw a flock of Canada geese fly silently down a cloud laden sky. Their honking was barely audible above the rushing of the river and automobiles speeding by. And they were very high up.

I tarried awhile in a small park along the way. Autumn's colorful hand and gayly decorated the picnic tables with leaves of red and gold, a reminder of a summer past stood undaunted among the leaves. An empty "coke" can with two straws in it. Some boy and girl shared a little eternity here on a summer day.

The "Hut" -- an ice cream stand across the way, is shuttered up now its season over. With the coming of cold weather, the end of summer things. My little league team enjoyed its frosty delights after each game. Win or lose. After all, I reason, the reward was for trying and just being a little boy.

Halloween comes just ahead of a full November moon. Little goblins, short and tall, skinny and fat, haunt every street in the village looking for a treat at every door. By the midnight hour when the moon is itself haunted by scolding clouds. The little goblins are scrubbed clean of burnt cork and grease paint, tucked into their beds to dream dreams of things to be.

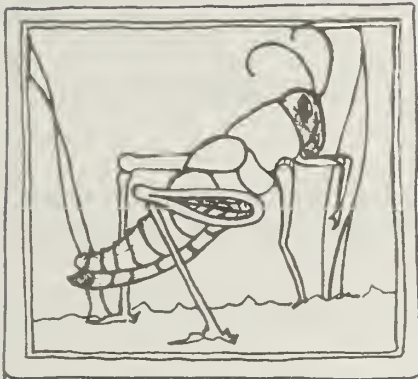
NOVEMBER

The changes come fast now. The hollow days of November are here. The mornings are white and gray with deep frost. A steady rain is falling as night consumes day. The wind moans in sadness. Leaves twist and turn then fall from the mother tree. The year has grown very old.

The highway beneath my window is like an immense blackboard, one that a mischievous school boy has streaked with yellow chalk. A few colored leaves sketched to complete a clossy November mural.

At dawn the peter sky is swept by strong west by east winds. Dark churning clouds are rent, the rain strips the dreams left behind in the "coke" can with two straws.

In the gathering twilight of another year, I hurry home to sit by the fire and contemplate my own summer dreams, my own winter wishes.



Drawing by Claire Carmel



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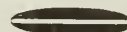
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